

SHAKESPEARIANA.

"Age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety."—ANT. & CLEO.

VOL. I.

MAY, 1884.

No. 7.

THE PORTRAITS OF SHAKESPEARE.

VIII. THE JANSEN PORTRAIT.

THE history of this beautiful picture is very unsatisfactory, and the little that is known concerning it does not establish the fact that it is a genuine portrait of Shakespeare.

In the first place, it is not known who painted it. It is generally called the Jansen portrait (though frequently known as "the Somerset") and is supposed to have been painted by Cornelius Jansen. This artist's name is also spelled Janssen or Janssens, and sometimes Johnson—although the latter is incorrect.

This celebrated painter was born in Amsterdam in 1590. The exact date when he came to England is not known, but the first paintings there that can with certainty be ascribed to him are dated about 1618. This is two years after Shakespeare died, and to establish the fact of this portrait having been painted from life by Jansen (if it really be a portrait of Shakespeare), it must be proven that the painter came to England in 1610, or prior to that year, for the picture bears that date. With the present knowledge of Jansen's history this cannot be done. It is true that Sandart said he was born in London, and that his parents were Flemish, but Walpole (in his *Anecdotes of Painting*) does not credit this statement, while Vertue, and the author of *An Essay Towards an English School*, give Amsterdam as the place of his birth. Mr. Ralph N. Wornum in his edition of Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting* (8vo, London: 1849, Vol. I, p. 211) cites Immerzeel, *Levens en Werken der Hollandsche Kuntsschilders* as additional authority for the fact of Jansen having been born in Amsterdam, and he allows Walpole's assertion that "Jansen's first works in England are dated about 1618" to pass without comment. This, in a profusely annotated and carefully edited book like Wornum's, must be taken as an indorsement of what his author has said.

Walpole further states that Jansen took up his residence in Blackfriars, London, had much business, and that his price "for a head was five broad pieces." Walpole also asserts that "at Sherburn Castle, in Dorsetshire, is a head of Elizabeth Wriothesley, eldest daughter of Henry, Earl of Southampton, and wife of William, Lord Spencer," which is by Jansen. At Charlecote Hall, Warwickshire, formerly the residence of Sir Thomas Lucy, there is a large painting of Sir Thomas' family, including his wife and six children, which is also said to have been painted by Jansen. Dallaway gives a list of thirty-two portraits, which he considers were certainly Jansen's work during his stay in England, and says that there are many others, which are claimed to be by him, which closely resemble his style. Dallaway states that Jansen copied portraits of the ancestors of several of the nobility, "in the possession of others, and those have borne his name which the comparative dates would not otherwise warrant."

In 1648 he left England and returned to Amsterdam, after first going to Midelburg. He died in Amsterdam in 1665.

If Jansen really did come to England early enough to have painted this portrait of Shakespeare in 1610, he must then have been only twenty years old, for it will be remembered that he was born in 1590. None of the portraits mentioned by Walpole as having been painted by Jansen in England are dated this early. Walpole's words are: "Jansen's first works in England are dated about 1618." This alleged portrait of Shakespeare is not mentioned by Walpole, nor is it given in the undoubted works by Jansen recorded by Dallaway and above referred to. And yet the picture bears a strong resemblance in its manner and general treatment to undoubted works of Jansen. It has the same dark background that is so often found in his pictures, and its

neat, clear, and smooth appearance agrees with Jansen's style.

It is only proper that an assertion of Malone's should be here noticed. In his *Life of Shakespeare* (edition of 1821, Vol. II, page 429) he notices Walpole's statement with regard to the date of Jansen's arrival in England, and states that he (Malone) has a portrait painted by that artist, dated 1611, "which had belonged for more than a century to a family that lived at Chelsea." But Malone does not give his authority for stating that it is a portrait by Jansen nor any further information concerning it. Had he told us what his portrait was it could have been identified, whereas now his statement has comparatively little value. It might have been a portrait by Jansen not painted in England.

Charles Jennens published an edition of *King Lear* in 1770. This was the first time that any editor of Shakespeare had given the various readings of the old quartos and folios on the same page as the text. Capell had made extensive collations, which were published separately from his edition (*Notes and Various Readings, 1779-81*), but Jennens first printed the collations on the same page with the text.

Jennens' name did not appear on the title-page. Indeed, he did all he could to mislead the reader as to the editorship of the volume, as he dedicated it to himself, spoke of the patronage extended to the editor by Mr. Jennens, and acknowledged the editor's indebtedness to that gentleman for access to books in his library.

But the part of this edition which concerns the subject of the present paper is the fact that it contained a soft and beautiful mezzotint by R. Earlom. Under it appeared the inscription: "William Shakespear. From an Original Picture by Cornelius Jansen, in the Collection of C. Jennens, Esqr.;" and in one corner: "R. Earlom fecit."

Jennens' house was at Gopsal, Leicestershire, and the publication of this engraving of the Jansen portrait was the first public announcement that such a picture was in existence. Neither Jennens nor any one else ever published any account of where the picture came from or how he obtained it.

The *Critical Review* for December, 1770, contained a review of Jennens' edition of *King Lear*, which is supposed to have been written by Steevens. In it Earlom's mezzotint is thus referred to:

"*King Lear*, 8vo, price 3s.—A mezzotinto of the author, by the ingenious Mr. Earlom (whose industry and abilities do honor to the rising arts of Great Britain), is placed at the head of it. We should have been glad, in-

deed, to have some better proofs concerning the authenticity of the original than a bare assertion that it was painted by Cornelius Jansen, and is to be found in a private collection, which we are not easily inclined to treat with much respect, especially as we hear it is filled with the performances of one of the most contemptible daubers of the age." In a note the reviewer gives Walpole's assertion that Jansen's first works in England are dated about 1618 and refers to the date 1610 on this picture. He then proceeds to assert that "the only true picture of Shakespeare supposed to be now extant" is the Chandos portrait. The review is throughout very abusive of Mr. Jennens' edition of *King Lear*.

The subsequent number of the *Critical Review* (for January, 1771) contained the following additional notice of Earlom's engraving:

"Concerning this print we will have no controversy; but we still adhere to our former opinion, that the soul of the mezzotinto is not the soul of Shakespeare. It has been the fate of Shakespeare to have many mistakes committed both about his soul and body: Pope exhibited him under the form of James the First."

To these criticisms Jennens replied at length, defending his edition and the engraving which accompanied it. Referring to the latter he said:

"Concerning the authenticity of the picture from which the mezzotinto print of Shakespeare was taken, they have dropped the controversy; and we are very glad that they had so much sense and modesty left as to find out what impudence and absurdity they have been guilty of in calling in question a picture they have never seen, and without any provocation abusing a person whom the generality of the world have thought fit to esteem an artist that excels in the higher branch of painting, and of whose performances Mr. Jennens has many, though his collection cannot be said to be filled with them (as the Critical Reviewers say they hear), their number being inconsiderable when compared with the whole collection."

"They say, 'We still adhere to our former opinion, that the soul of the mezzotinto is not the soul of a Shakespeare.' Who said it was? The soul of a picture cannot be the soul of a man; but a picture may be *like* a man's soul, when it is made to express those qualities and dispositions which we discover him by his writings to have been possessed of."

Here Mr. Jennens ended, and he gives no information as to where the picture came from, or even the names of any of the other pictures in his possession which he considered to also be by Jansen.

It is to be presumed that Jennens obtained it sometime after 1761, because in a book then published, entitled *London and its Environs*, a careful catalogue of the pictures at his house in Great Ormond Street is given. In this catalogue the only portrait of Shakespeare mentioned is a drawing in crayon, by Vander Gucht, from the Chandos portrait. In 1770 it will be remembered that the mezzotint by Earlom from the picture, in Jennens' possession, was published, so that in all probability he acquired it between 1761 and 1770, because his elegant residence at Gopsal, in Leicestershire, was built, it is believed, shortly before 1770.

In 1773 Jennens died and the Gopsal house passed into the hands of Mr. Asheton Curzon, who was the husband of a niece of Mr. Jennens.

Boaden, prior to 1824, inquired of Earl Howe, the then owner of Gopsal, if the picture was in the collection there, and was informed that the only portrait of Shakespeare was the crayon drawing by Vander Gucht, from the Chandos portrait, above referred to. After further search Boaden found it in the possession of the Duke of Somerset. From this nobleman it obtained the name it sometimes bears—"the Somerset portrait."

Boaden further informs us that the Duke of Somerset received the portrait as a present from the then Duke of Hamilton, and he continues, that he has "unquestionable authority" (which, unfortunately, he does not give) "for saying that it came up with a considerable part of the collection from Gopsal, and was bought by Woodburn for His Grace the Duke of Hamilton somewhere about fifteen years back."

Boaden had the picture taken down from the wall for his inspection, and states that it is on panel, and that the oak on which it is painted had then commenced to split in two places. He continues: "It is no made up questionable thing, like so many that are foisted upon us. It is an early picture by Cornelius Jansen, tenderly and beautifully painted. Time seems to have treated it with infinite kindness; for it is quite pure, and exhibits its original surface. The epithet *gentle*, which contemporary fondness attached to the name of Shakespeare, seems to be fully justified by the likeness before us. The expression of the countenance really equals the demands of the fancy, and you feel that everything was possible to a being so happily constituted."

Wivell (prior to 1827) also saw this picture, and says that the panel on which it is painted is split in two places, one of which is in the forehead.

Wivell called on Samuel Woodburn, the son of the Mr. Woodburn whom Boaden states purchased the picture for the Duke of Hamilton. Woodburn's account, as given to Wivell, is that the portrait formerly belonged to Prince Rupert, who left it to his natural daughter Ruperta. This lady was the child of Margaret Hughs, the mistress of the Prince. She married Mr. Emmanuel Scroopes Howes. Their descendants sold all the pictures, including the Jansen portrait, to a Mr. Spackman, a picture dealer, from whom the father of Mr. Samuel Woodburn purchased it. He kept it for two years, and then sold it to the Duke of Hamilton, who afterwards presented it to the Duke of Somerset. No authority for any of these statements was given.

It will be noticed that Woodburn's account ignores Mr. Jennens' possession of the picture. This seems to point to there being another portrait like Jennens' one, and Boaden says that he found a picture in the possession of J. W. Croker, Esq., M. P., which was an exact fac-simile of the one that the Duke of Somerset owned. It was as well painted as the Duke's picture, but was on canvas, while the former was on panel. Mr. Croker's copy had no date on it, as the other had, and the figure was painted in an oval within a square.

Mr. Croker informed Boaden that it was discovered hidden behind some wainscoting, in an old house that had then recently (prior to 1824) been pulled down in Old Suffolk Street, and that it was found in a state of filth and decay. Boaden says that it was quite common to cover over with wainscot old pictures set in plastered walls when they were not considered of any value, and that he himself knew of an instance of this having been done. What has become of Mr. Croker's copy is not now known.

Immediately above the head, on a scroll, in Earlom's mezzotint are the words "Ut magus." These are evidently part of Horace's Epistle to Augustus, to be found in Epistle I, Book 2, lines 208 to 213:

"Ac ne forte putes, me, quae facere ipse recusem,
Cum recte tracent alii, laudare maligne;
Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire poeta; meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus, implet,
Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis."

Boaden speaks of the words "Ut magus" as being on the original Jansen portrait, but Wivell expressly denies this, and states that there is nothing except the age of the person represented and the date that it was painted. He thinks that Boaden was misled by the fact of the words "Ut magus" being on Earlom's

print. How came it, then, that Earlam put them there? Was it a conceit of Jennens?

Friswell repeats Boaden's statement as to these words being on the portrait.

The picture is beautifully painted in a neat and delicate manner, and of all representations of Shakespeare it is the most artistic. The expression is singularly soft and mild and the face very refined. It more nearly resembles the Death Mask than any of the other portraits. The costume is exceedingly rich, the ruff very elaborate, and has been supposed to be either a theatrical costume or a court dress.

Many engravers have tried their skill in copying this portrait. Earlam was the first. His beautiful mezzotint, published in 1770, as the frontispiece to Jennens' edition of *King Lear*, has already been referred to. Earlam's copy, though very well engraved, is not a faithful representation of the picture. He has made the forehead lower, altered the shape of the head, and changed the mouth. The costume is but faintly indicated in this print. The scroll with "Ut magus" which appears in this mezzotint has already been referred to.

Gardner next engraved a small oval plate for *The Literary Magazine*, which was published June 1st, 1793, by J. Good. He reversed the head, changed the expression, and preserved none of the beauty of Earlam's mezzotint, from which he evidently copied. It is a very poor engraving, and omits the "Ut magus," the date, and the age.

In 1811 S. Woodburn published a wretched print engraved by R. Dunkarton, from the Jansen portrait, which is stated to be "from an original picture formerly in the possession of Prince Rupert, now in the collection of His Grace, Archibald, Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, etc., etc., at Marylebone Park, London." The face is an entire failure, and represents the complexion as dark as a mulatto. The expression is much altered, the ruff badly drawn, the costume blotched all over, and the hair looks like a wig. The age and date are given, but the "Ut magus" is omitted.

R. Page engraved a small plate representing this portrait in a frame, which was published by John Bumpus in 1852. Underneath is engraved "Shakespeare, from his monument in St. Mary's Church, Stratford." Its likeness to the Jansen portrait is plainly recognizable, and hence the absurdity of the statement that it is from the Stratford bust; and the publisher evidently did not know that the proper name of the church is the Holy Trinity. No date, age, or inscription is given in this engraving.

R. Cooper next copied this picture *circa*

1822 with indifferent results. The date, age, and inscription are omitted.

In 1824 the same engraver copied Mr. Crocker's copy of the Jansen portrait. The plate represents the figure in an oval, which is inclosed in a rectangle. This engraving was published January 1st, 1824, by G. Smeeton, and was the means of calling Boaden's attention to the fact that Mr. Croker owned a copy of this portrait. It is fairly well engraved, but the eyes are too staring.

The finest engraving ever made from the original Jansen portrait is undoubtedly Charles Turner's magnificent mezzotint, published in 1824, by Robert Triphook, and forming one of the illustrations of Boaden's *Inquiry*. It is beautifully engraved in Turner's best manner, and seen in an India proof, as published in the quarto (large paper) edition of Boaden's work, it is superb. This praise may seem excessive to one who has not seen the mezzotint, but not otherwise. Turner did not give the costume at all, indeed, the head and ruff stand out in bold relief on the black background, and the figure can only be faintly traced. The age and date are given very indistinctly, and the scroll bearing the words "Ut magus" is on the margin of the print, above the head.

To turn from this beautiful mezzotint to Page's commonplace little engraving, published by Duncombe in 1826, is a great change. He gives the date and age, but omits the "Ut magus."

T. Wright evidently copied Earlam's print for Wivell's *Inquiry*, 1827, in which his engraving appeared. It is a poor, spiritless performance, though not utterly lacking in merit. The age and date are given, but the scroll and inscription are omitted.

In *Religious and Moral Sentences Culled from the Works of Shakespeare*, 1847, there appeared quite a good lithographic copy of Earlam's print. It is engraved by J. R. Jobbins, and gives the age, date, scroll, and inscription.

About this time Griffin & Co. published a well-executed line engraving from this picture. No engraver's name is given, but whoever he was he has managed to change the face so much that it is utterly unlike the portrait. No date, age, or inscription is given.

A curious little engraving by Locour, a Frenchman, published *circa* 1850, is utterly unlike the picture it is intended to represent. No age, date, or inscription is shown in the engraving.

J. Parker Morris

ON SHAKESPEARE'S PROVINCIALISMS.

THE interesting little work of Mr. John R. Wise, entitled, *Shakespeare: His Birthplace and its Neighborhood*, has accidentally just come into my hands. I have been led to examine his list of alleged Provincialisms of Shakespeare, and I am somewhat surprised to find—from the very imperfect means at my disposal—how very uncertain is their evidence as to the actual locality in which the writer really lived. These means included Skeat's admirable *Etymological Dictionary*, Halliwell's *Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words*, Hunter's *Hallamshire Glossary*, and various glossaries contained in the *Proceedings of the English Dialect Society*, from the commencement in 1873 to 1876 inclusive. I doubt not that had I possessed a larger store of reference books, especially of the later *Proceedings of the English Dialect Society*, my conclusions would have been more completely confirmed.

In Chap. XII Mr. Wise speaks of the Provincialisms of Shakespeare. The first instance he gives is "mankind witch" in *Winter's Tale* (II, iii), as meaning a violent woman. In Hampshire a "mankind child" is used to describe a child of peculiar malformation.

In the *Tempest* (I, ii) the peculiar expression, "I cannot miss him," is used for "I must not miss him," and this Mr. Wise speaks of as a Warwickshire provincialism. I know from five years' residence in Glasgow that the expression, "I cannot want you," is extremely common. I have an indistinct remembrance of the word "want"—*carere* in the authorized version of the Bible, in Genesis, but I cannot recall the reference.

The word *Deck*—a pack of cards—occurs in the *Lancashire Glossary*. Payne Collier finds it in the Sessions Paper of 1758. In the passage in which it occurs in Shakespeare (*3 Hen. VI*: VI, vi) it seems to mean a hand at cards, rather than a pack. The passage must be quoted :

"But whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slyly fingered from the deck."

In Hunter's *Hallamshire Glossary* "single-ten" is mentioned as special to that part of Yorkshire around Sheffield, and this same passage is quoted. This affords a typical instance of the uncertainty of any argument founded upon such a weak foundation, one line bearing witness for Yorkshire, the other for Warwickshire.

Pugging-tooth (*Wint. Tale* IV, ii)—Halliwell gives *Pug-tooth* as belonging to Devon. *Slobbery*, as applied to roads, is given by Wise as characteristic of Warwickshire. Halliwell gives *slobber*—untidy, wet—as belonging to Westmoreland, and *slobbery* without any special localization. *Slobberers*—untidy farmers—is given in a glossary of East Norfolk. In *Henry V*: III, v, the Duke of Bourbon says,

"I will sell my dukedom
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm."

Certainly the reference points to East Norfolk as clearly, if not more so, than to Warwickshire.

Slubber is probably the same word as *slubber*. This is a word used by Bacon. In his *Discourse Concerning Help for the Intellectual Powers*, he speaks, Vol. VII, p. 103, of "Slubbering on the lute," to illustrate his "Cautioning Exercise; as to beware lest by evil doing, as all beginners do weakly, a man grow and be inveterate in an evil habit; and so take not the advantage of custom in perfection, but in confirming ill." Slubbering on the lute means, therefore, practicing in a slovenly manner. Exactly this meaning of the word occurs in *Merchant of Venice* II, viii, 39, 40 :

"Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time."

Wise refers to *prick-eared* (*Hen. V*: II, i), which he speaks of as a curious phrase about Stratford, which he had heard nowhere else. Halliwell gives *prick-lugged* (lug, Scottice for ear) without any mark of localization.

Straight—immediately—as in *Hamlet*, is given by Halliwell with the same meaning as belonging to various dialects.

Wise mentions *Gull* as nestling (*Timon II*, i), and *1 Henry IV*: V, ii) as peculiar to Warwickshire. *Gull-gosling* is found in Sussex. Halliwell refers it in same sense to Cheshire.

"Contain yourself" is also mentioned by Wise as a very common Warwickshire phrase. So I have no doubt it is, for my experience tells me it is very common everywhere.

The above includes most of the provincialisms referred to in Chap. XII. In an appendix he gives fifty-seven more words, some of which I have, as stated below, found elsewhere. But I must first refer to some special kinds of apples and pears referred to by Mr. Wise in Chap. XI.

Warden pears are common. Skeat gives

the word in his dictionary, as also does Halliwell. I am told it is used in Sussex. *Warden-pies* I cannot find. The phrase occurs in *Winter's Tale* IV, ii.

Leathern coats are mentioned by Wise as apples peculiar to the neighborhood of Stratford. Halliwell gives the same word, which he defines as "the golden russeting," without any note of localization. Another kind of apple, called *apple-John* (*1 Hen. IV*: III, iii, *et al.*), is mentioned by Halliwell as belonging to the eastern counties.

Another species of apple, mentioned by Wise, *pomewater* (*Love's Lab.* IV, ii), is also given by Halliwell without any localization. In the *Widow of Watling Street*, page 15, he says: "The apple of the eye is termed a *pomwater*."

I now come to the glossary given in Mr. Wise's appendix:

Batlet (*As You Like It*, II, iv), an instrument to beat clothes in washing, is found in a glossary of provincialisms used in the neighborhood of Whitby. *Bat-log* is found in Sussex.

Bavin (*Hen. IV*: IV, i), probably meaning scraps of the faggot, is given by Halliwell (*Baven*) as belonging to various dialects.

Bottle of hay (*Mid. N. D.* IV, i) is given by Skeat, who quotes Chaucer, and by Halliwell, who refers to Harold's *English Proverbs*. I believe I have frequently heard it in the North Riding.

Bow (*As You Like It*, III, iv), yoke for cattle, is given by Halliwell without localization. So, too, is *biggen*, a child's cap.

Bravery—finery (*Tam. of Shr.* IV, iii)—is given by Halliwell with several quotations. Skeat also gives this meaning.

Brize—gadfly (*Ant. and Cleo.* III, viii)—used by Spenser, is given by Halliwell.

Childing—pregnant; **Claw**—to flatter, fawn upon—are both given by Halliwell. The former word is justified by quotations from Lydgate and Gower.

Cob-loaf (*Tro. and Cress.* II, i)—a badly set-up loaf. Loaves called *cobbs* are still made in Oxfordshire. **Cobby**—short, thick, stumpy; and *cob-nuts*, used in Kent and Surrey, in Yorkshire and Staffordshire. Aubrey refers to an old English game called cob-loaf stealing.

Dout (*Ham.* IV, vii)—to put out—occurs in glossaries of Sussex, Oxfordshire, Mid-Yorkshire, and South Warwickshire dialects; common in Staffordshire and South Wales. Given by Skeat.

Dup (*Ham.* IV, ii)—to do open, to unfasten the door—is given by Halliwell, and re-

ferred to Wiltshire. Wise thinks it means to fasten.

Doxy (*Wint. Tale*, IV, ii)—strumpet—is given by Halliwell and Skeat, with quotations from Citgrave and North.

Eanlings (*Mer. of Ven.* I, iii)—young lambs just eaned or dropped—is given by Halliwell and Skeat (yearlings). Used by Beaumont and Fletcher. Common in Sussex.

Feeders (*passim*, used also by Massinger)—idle servants—given by Halliwell.

Forwearied—very tired—given by Halliwell, who quotes Palsgrave (*cir. 1530?*) (*King John*, II, i).

Fardel (*Ham.* III, i)—a burden—given by Halliwell with several quotations, and by Skeat.

Gib-cat (*1 Hen. IV*: I, ii) occurs in Herefordshire and Whitby glossaries.

Honey-stalks (*Tit. And.* IV, iv)—white clover, honey flowers, clover—is used in Sussex. In several glossaries I find honey-suckle clover—trefoil.

Inkles (*Wint. Tale*, IV, iii)—a common kind of tape—occurs in glossaries of Whitby and Mid-Yorkshire. Skeat gives it, and also Halliwell, each with several quotations.

Irk (*As You Like It*, II, iii)—to make uneasy. Skeat gives this as a personal verb, with several quotations.

Jet—to walk proudly (*Twelfth Night*, II, v)—given by Halliwell. No localization. Skeat gives it and quotes Udall's *Roister Doister*.

Kecks, or **Kex** (*Hen. V*: V, ii)—umbilliferous plants. Halliwell assigns it to various dialects. I find it in a Sussex, Whitby, and a Mid-Yorkshire glossary. Skeat gives it with several quotations. Hunter gives it in his Hallamshire glossary.

Kindle (*As You Like It*, III, iii)—to bring forth—given by Skeat and Halliwell; used by Wyclif, Luke iii, 7. It is a common word of school-boy slang. I remember it well in South Yorkshire.

Lief—“as willingly, as soon” (Dyce)—frequently used by Shakespeare. “May be heard every day in Warwickshire,” says Mr. Wise. And so it may everywhere else. I cannot consider the word as peculiar to any country, or as scarcely a provincialism at all. **Liefest**—dearest.

Lated (*Macbeth* III, iii)—benighted. I find *lati*—to search—in several glossaries.

Lifter (*Tro. and Cress.* I, ii)—a stealer. Dryden uses the verb *lift*, as meaning to steal. Halliwell gives it. Wise refers to our modern *shoplifter*.

Lodge (*Macbeth* IV, i)—to lay the corn, as by

wind or rain. Given in a glossary of Kent, of Surrey, of Sussex, and of South Warwickshire. Halliwell refers it to Westmoreland.

Loon (*pissim*)—a stupid scamp. Referred by Halliwell to various dialects. Given by Skeat. Used in Scotland, and occurs in a list of North-country words.

Master—for this Mr. Halliwell refers to various dialects. Used in Sussex, especially of any married laborer, young or old; if unmarried, always called by Christian name.

Patch (*Mid. N. D.* III, ii)—a fool—given by Halliwell and Skeat.

Pickthanks (*I Hen. IV*: III, ii)—talebearers, gossips. Halliwell gives it with quotation. *Pike-thank* occurs in *Mid-Yorkshire Glossary* and is explained as pick-thanks.

Pun (*Tro. and Cress.* II, i)—to pound. Halliwell refers it to Westmoreland. Used in Sussex.

Ravin (*Meas. for Meas.* I, iii)—to devour voraciously. Compare Earle's *Philology of the English Tongue*, sec. 54, second edition. *Raven* and *ravine*—to swallow greedily—both given by Halliwell and Skeat with several quotations. Occurs in Authorized Version, Genesis xlix, 27. Distinctly an archaic word.

Race (*Wint. Tale*, IV, ii)—a stick of ginger. In *Glossary of Whitby Words* I find the following: “*Raced* or *rased*, rasped. ‘Raced ginger,’ applied to the scraped or bleached sort. Again, we hear ginger asked for, ‘not in the stick, but raced’—*i. e.*, in powder, or grated. ‘Race it up a bit’—rub it up, or, rather, bruise it up. This suggests a new interpretation in *Winter's Tale*, which is to some extent supported by Citgrave, who has—‘Rase, a shaving, sheering.’”

Rid—to destroy (*Temp.* I, ii). Halliwell assigns it to various dialects. Occurs in a glossary of Swaledale, Yorkshire, in this sense.

Sagg—to tire, to sink down (*Macbeth*, V, iii). Halliwell and Skeat give it as meaning to subside. Common in Sussex, Kent, Staffordshire. In Sussex and elsewhere this word rather means *to slacken than to subside*. The two meanings are, however, closely allied. Thus, a rope not stretched tight is said to *sagg*. “To help out,” it occurs in Yorkshire.

Shive—a slice (*Tit. And.* II, i). Halliwell refers it to Eastern counties. Occurs in Hallamshire and other Yorkshire glossaries. Skeat gives *shive* and *shiver*—a slice.

Shog—to jog off (*Hen. V*: II, iii). Halliwell and Skeat give it with quotations. Wyyclif uses it. Occurs with kindred meaning in Yorkshire glossaries.

Statute-caps—woolen caps compelled to be worn by an Act in 1571 for the encouragement of the woolen trade (*Love's Lab.* V, ii). *Statute-caps* worn at Loughborough fair by servants for hire. Given by Halliwell.

Tills—the shafts of a wagon (*Tro. and Cress.* III, ii). Occurs in a Whitby glossary.

Urchin—a hedgehog (*Tit. And.* II, iii)—occurs in almost every glossary I possess.

Wench—a young maid (*Tam. of Shr.* V, ii). Used all over England without any depreciatory intention

Let me here give a few more Provincialisms—if such they may be called—of Shakespeare, taken from Hunter's *Hallamshire Glossary*. Hunter had not Shakespeare directly in view, or I doubt not his list might have been largely extended. Hallamshire includes the neighborhood of Sheffield.

Breeds with—to resemble (*Meas. for Meas.*)—

“She speaks

And 'tis such sense that my sense *breeds with* it.”

Among Yorkshire peasantry, to breed with, or to breed of, is constantly used as to resemble; thus: “She breeds of her mother, her uncle,” etc. Sometimes pronounced *braid*.

Bar—to prohibit, exclude, forbid. In *King John* (III, i) we have—

“ When law can do no right
Let it be lawful that law *bar* no wrong.”

This contains the same root as *barrier*. It is really a common legal expression, and is so used here evidently by a thoroughly legal mind.

Barm—yeast (*Mid. N. D.* II, i):

“ And sometimes make the drink to bear no *barm*.”

A common word in Essex and Eastern counties.

Brag—to boast (*Rom. and Jul.* I, v):

“ Verona *brags* of him.”

Chuck—a term of endearment (*Macbeth*, III, ii):

“ Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest *chuck*.”

Cower—to cower down, to be abashed (*2 Hen. VI*: III, ii):

“ No splitting rocks *cowered* in the sinking sand.”

Crack—to boast (*Love's Lab. IV*, i):

“And Ethiops of their sweet complexion *crack*.”

Favour—to resemble (*Jul. Cæs. I*, iii):

“And the complexion of the element
It *favours* like the work we have in hand.”

Gates—a sort of expletive, meaning manner, way (*Twelfth Night*, V, i):

“* * * * * If he had not been in drink he would have tickled you *other gates* than he did.”

So, too, in *King Lear*, Edgar says: “Go your gate.” “Get your gate”—a kind of friendly dismissal. “Go your way” is a very common expression in Yorkshire. Where is the Yorkshire child who has not been told to “get out of my gate”?

Grime—make black:

“My face I'll *grime* with filth.”—*Lear* II, iii.

Heps, or *hips*—the fruit of the dog-rose (*Timon*):

“The oaks bear mast: the briars scarlet *hips*.”

Make the door—i. e., fasten it—pronounced *mack* (*Com. of Err. III*, i):

“And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are *made* against you.”

CLYDE PARK, BRISTOL.

THE SHAKESPEARE CULT IN FRANCE.

THE *filet Shakespearien*, which began to flow through French literature in Voltaire's time, has gone on flowing and meandering down to our time, touching in its on-flow many wonderful people—Voltaire himself, Ducis, the King and Court of 1773, Victor Hugo, Deschamps, Rachel. The history of the friction elicited by the application of the French genius to our mighty touchstone is interesting and may be told in a few words.

Voltaire was practically the French Columbus in the discovery of Shakespeare. In his *Lettres Philosophiques*, written in 1726-27 and published in 1734, he announces his discovery, speaking of the poet as “*un sauvage avec des étincelles de génie*.¹” Before Voltaire, however, there had been several timid navigators in Shakespearian waters, though he was totally unknown to the great French public at large. Boyer cites him in his *Grammaire Anglaise* (1700) and remarks his resemblance to Sophocles and Æschylus. Destouches (1717-1723) translates several scenes from the *Tempest* and later on imitates *Timon* in the *Dissipateur* (1737). Apart from these meagre explorations there is nothing to show that Gray's

Mammocks—small pieces of anything. Shakespeare has it as a verb (*Cor. I*, iii):

“He did so set his teeth and tear it!—O, I warrant how he *mammocked* it.”

Scotch—to strike with a thin stick.

“We have *scotched* the snake, not killed it.”—*Macbeth*.

Stalled—suspected (*Jul. Cæs. IV*, i):

“Which out of use, and *stalled* by other men,
Begins his fashion.”

Tickle—tottering, easily overturned (*Meas. for Meas.* I, iii):

“* * * * * Thy head stands so *tickled* on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off.”

So, too, we say: That is a ticklish matter —i. e., one that requires to be handled delicately.

Every one of the above words is to be found in Hunter. I doubt not that a search in almost any provincial dialect of England will reveal an equal number of instances. The words *irk*, *kex*, *kindle*, and *læve*, *liever*, are also given in Hunter. Wise's argument proves too much, and therefore, in my opinion, proves nothing.

J. H. Lang Jr.

“Nature's darling” had dipped above the horizon of the Guernsey Archipelago and shone upon the coasts of France.

No sooner, however, had one of those “*étincelles*,” of which he speaks, fallen upon the combustible genius of Voltaire, than it ignites and flashes up; the busy thief bedizens his *Brutus* (1730) with scraps of inspiration from *Julius Cæsar*, imitates the “*sauvage*” in his *Mort de Cesar* (1735), makes his *Eryphile* (1732) ring—hollow thing that it was—with echoes of *Hamlet*, conjures up a spurious *Othello*—exhaling tongue of phosphorescence from rotten wood!—in *Zaïre* (1734), and holds up the mirror, not to nature, but to *Henry V*, in his *Adélaïde du Guesclin*.

In 1745 Delaplace publishes a handful of imperfect translations from Shakespeare in his *Théâtre Anglais*. Ducis makes the *talons rouges* applaud *Hamlet* in 1769. Letourneur's complete translation in the memorable year 1776, made under the auspices of the King and the Court, has well been called an international homage to genius. The “*patrie des Corneille, des Racine et des Molière*” became at once the “*patrie*” of Shakespeare too.

Voltaire, in huge alarm, cackles and cries, denounces Shakespeare, "fears for his Corneilles, his Racines, and—himself;" Shakespeare, in his estimation, suddenly becomes "*un salimbanque qui a des saillies heureuses*;" he presents him at a solemn meeting of the Academy as a mere juggler and trickster. History, however, in a fit of what one might call concrete sarcasm, narrates that Voltaire died and was succeeded in his *fauteuil* at the Academy by—Ducis (1779), the most pronounced and potent champion of the English poet in France. But how does Shakespeare fare at the hands of Ducis and his filter? Have we the clear and sparkling essence strained through, the up-floating of the immortal perfume, the outlines even of the phantom! Or is it all lees, dregs, abominable things, caught in the interstices of the French, dripping with the *Encyclopédie*, smelling of Rousseau, "*élégant, bien élevé, sensible*"? Alas, the latter! The Germans, finishing out their *esthétique transcendante*, were at least doing better (?) than this, plunging boldly into those dim seas, recomposing *Romeo* in the style of Goethe, dressing up *Macbeth* in the style of Bürger and the *femme de chambre*, making a "*parfum Chrétien*" of the porter in the style of Schiller, and injecting Fichte and the categorical imperative hypodermically under the skin of Lady Macduff and those "*excellentes cunénides*," the witches!

But at least Ducis, a "*Christian en pleine encyclopédie*, a republican under Bonaparte, a rude, true-hearted, sincere" student of Shakespeare, was worthy to comprehend, even if he could not catch him in the wide meshes of his net; he did his best, even if he turned *Macbeth* into a piece of polished idiocy and trotted up and down the summits of "*Parnassus*"—*gradus* in hand—trying to catch his landscape, his soul, his mellow art, in vain.

The Revolution, we are told, the Terror, Marengo, Waterloo, did more to make Shakespeare intelligible in France than anything else; his name became the watchword of battle between the "Classics" and the "Romantics;" the *Globe*, Vigny, Victor Hugo, fought for him against Hoffman, Geoffray, and the simpering multitude of Academics; and he made his triumphal entry into Paris in 1828 in the person of Kemble and Macready, at the old *Théâtre des Nations*, and in his noble English dress.

As typical of the treatment Shakespeare has received in France suppose we take the play of *Macbeth*, of which Mr. James Darmesteter has recently given us an admirable edition. *Macbeth* is the most popular of all the plays of the poet in France, and French literature is full of vivid types and speaking

expressions drawn from this play. The French are as conscious as we are of the quick and wondrous figures of Lady Macbeth, Banquo, and the great chieftain himself: the spectre, the banquet scene, the "damned spot" cling as tenaciously to the cunning Gallic memory as to ours. The striking popularity of this play, however, is said to be due to rigorous unity, the piercing clearness, the overwhelming logic of the drama, constituting, in these particulars, the most classical (in the French sense) of the drama of Shakespeare. Nobody can come in contact with Shakespeare without consequences: rhythm, word-play, great perspectives of scenes rising and looming, something, will always hang to the mind, echoing, adumbrating there, showing that, even though in the dark, one has run against something wondrous. So with the French as they play blind-man's buff with time through the medium of their faulty translations; they all go away with their memories tingling; and as to this special play, we see the profound impression made by the very many translations—often mere babblements in halting *vers blancs*, prose, or Alexandrines—which have appeared since the first partial one of Delaplace in 1746. Scene after scene may be wrecked; word-dislocation, grotesque misunderstanding, stilts and buskins, may appear where, to us, all is simple, plain, and mighty; still the translators go bravely on, and every one of their translations contains some spilling of the original, some drop of the supreme overflow, some glint of the auroral light, if it be but that wonderful light that lies in the tearless eyes of Lady Macbeth.

Ducis' *Macbeth* makes a singular impression. The Academician sets before himself the task of eradicating the element of the horrible, which, he says, would certainly make the play fail in France. Accordingly, the hero of it is stripped naked and re-clothed in rags of the French eighteenth century; the great apparition of the witches gives way to a classic dream—a sort of somnolent *Somnium Scipionis*; Banquo and Macduff are suppressed; Macbeth becomes a model man, who, at the end of the piece, abdicates in favor of Malcolm; Lady Macbeth is made to take vengeance on herself: she rises at night, in that scene of mystic somnambulism, with the view of killing Malcolm, but she poniards her own son, etc., etc. *Macbeth*, as we know it, crumbles into a ruin; smooth conventionalities, motiveless rant, replace the volcanic fires of the original; we have a *salon Macbeth* fit for fine ladies to read. But weak, emasculated as this caponized *Macbeth* is, even it sent forth a divine flash when handled by the genius of

Talma. The soul of the great actor was akin to Shakespeare's own: it had lightning-like intuition, flashes, not of silence but of utterance and of interpretation, and it re-infused into Ducus' senilities something of the majesty and horror of the original.

After Voltaire, Victor Hugo, in 1827, is the first Frenchman who is redolent of Shakespeare. In his *Cromwell* he imitates *Macbeth* visibly and audibly in more than one passage (*cf.* IV, viii, and III, vii,) too long to be quoted here. There are a vision, a witch scene, and a witch closely resembling kindred scenes in the English drama. The poet's son, indeed, became, later, one of the best translators of Shakespeare. In 1828 Macready went to Paris and played *Macbeth* in his native tongue.

Léon Halévy translated the play into verse in 1853, Wailly in 1857, and there are fragmentary translations by Madame Louise Colet. Brugnierè de Sorsum undertakes to follow his prototype strictly and translates alternately in blank verse, rhyme, and prose. As one example of his method, take the following translation (from the first scene) of

"That will be ere set of sun."

This becomes:

"C'est donc vers l'heure où le flambeau du jour
Au sein des mers plongera sa lumière" (!)

"Fair is foul and foul is fair:
Hover," etc.

becomes

"A travers les brouillards et leur vapeur mortelle
Accourons toutes trois;
Descendons dans l'abîme,
Allons y préparer le crime,
Que la vertu palisse à notre voix!"

As a specimen of his blank verse, this:

"Ah! que dans le chaos s'abiment les deux mondes,
Plutôt que de manger notre pain avec crainte,
Et dormir dans le sein de ces songes terribles
Qui dans l'ombre des nuits hantent notre repos!
Ne vaudrait il pas mieux être parmi ces morts
Que nous avons plongés, pour régner en leur place,
Dans l'asile muet de la paix éternelle,
Que de rester livrés aux tortures poignantes
Auxquelles notre esprit veut échapper en vain?"
—(III, ii.)

And this despite the fact that French accent is so weak that accentual verse in it—alone of the Romance languages—is virtually impossible.

The Chevalier de Chatelain made a translation (London, 1862) of which the following are specimens:

* I am indebted throughout this article to M. James Darmesteter's *Essais de Littérature Anglaise* (Paris Delagrave, 1883.)

"Le beau souvent est laid, et le vilain est beau
Tout est permis parbleu, tout est permis en guerre,
Sus! vite traversons cette sale atmosphère.—(I, i.)

"Ah! mieux voudrait pour nous que fut interrompu
Le cours de l'univers, et tout lien rompu
Entre l'homme et le ciel, que vivre et toujours vivre
De terreurs ballottés, bercés comme un homme ivre,
Dans des nuits sans sommeil, mais non pas sans émois,
Plutôt que d'éprouver tous les maux à la fois.

Ah! mieux voudrait pour nous des morts la sépulture,
Que de records criants l'incessante torture.
Nous l'avons envoyé ce Duncan au tombeau,
Qu'y fait-il? Il y dort ainsi qu'un doux agneau."

The best French translations of *Macbeth* are the literal translation of Jules Lacroix (1840) and the less literal—one might say *littoral*, touching closely to those vast and mysterious shores of Shakespeare—of Emile Deschamps (1844).

In the former, Shakespeare has been put to exquisite torture—diluted, discolored, strangled, mutilated, compressed within the torturing hemistichs—an angel in a fly-net; in the latter, Deschamps has succeeded better, though he is often painfully prosaic. Rouget de Lisle was stimulated by this fascinating legend to write an opera for which Chélard furnished the music (1827,) and Verdi's opera (Florence, 1847) appeared at the *Lyrique* in 1865.

At least three great paintings have been inspired by various scenes from the play: Maclise's "Banquet" (1840), Kaulbach's "Lady Macbeth," and Delacroix's "Lady Macbeth" (1851), the two last seizing on the sleep-walking scene as their motive.

The translation of Lacroix made a great sensation when it was played at the *Odeon* in 1863; it was played for a hundred nights *à la file*. Rachel had failed in playing Lady Macbeth in England. When she was told that Mrs. Siddons had exhausted every possibility of dramatic surprise in the play, especially in the sleeping scene, she cried out: "Oh! mais j'ai une idée moi—*je lecherai ma main!*"—A conception, says M. Darmesteter, which was ultra-Shakespearian, plunged Lady Macbeth—beyond the mere unconsciousness of sleep—into the unconsciousness of animal instinct, injected Dante (Ugolino) into Shakespeare, and brought the artist of the sublime into the perilous vicinity of the grotesque. "The poet," he concludes, "would, I think, have accepted such an interpretation; and Rachel proved by a cry of genius that Racine and Shakespeare could be comprehended at one and the same time." *

James A. Harrison.

Contributors' Table.

WHEN DID MACBETH FIRST BROACH THE ENTERPRISE TO HIS WIFE?

THE following note is suggested by Mr. C. Mills Galey's paper on "Macbeth" in the January number of SHAKESPEARIANA. I think he has made it probable that "the enterprise," in one form or another, was broached by Macbeth to his wife *before* the play opens; but I think also that Macbeth could not *then* have had murder in his mind. His words:

"Why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair?
* * * * *
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state," etc.—I, iii, 34—

seems to give us the moment when murder first entered his mind as a suggestion, and his aside, after Malcolm has been named the Prince of Cumberland ("The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step," etc.—I, iv, 43), points to the time when it became a resolve. With these facts before them and the words of Lady Macbeth (I, vii, 47):

"What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man,"

which seem to suggest murder and not merely an ambitious scheme, most commentators decide either that these words refer to a scene that passed between Macbeth and his lady in the interim between scenes 5 and 7, *or* that they are suggested by Macbeth's own letter, read in scene 5. I think that the latter interpretation is sufficiently disproved by Mr. Gayley in his remarks. As to the former, though Macbeth's "We will speak further" makes some such conversation a probability, it is impossible that this can be the scene alluded to. Lady Macbeth's words (I, vii, 51):

"Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you,"

compel us to refer the "breaking" of the "enterprise" to some time previous to Duncan's resolve to visit Macbeth's castle.

My own theory of the point in question—if Shakespeare is not himself inconsistent—is as follows: When Lady Macbeth talks of her lord "breaking the enterprise" to her she refers to a time previous to the opening of the play. But he had then spoken to her, *not* of murder, but simply of succeeding somehow to the throne which Duncan was too feeble to defend with his own arms. Malcolm was young, and Macbeth might easily procure his election, as the next capable male of royal blood, according to the custom of succession in those days. At that time Macbeth simply thought and spoke of succeeding Duncan, not of murdering him. This tallies with his wife's words in a previous scene:

"Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full of the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way."—I, v, 18.

When she gets Macbeth's letter she remembers her previous conversation with him, and fears that, though he may wish to be king, he will not act logically upon

his own wishes. She does not know that the nomination of Malcolm as Duncan's successor has forced this step upon Macbeth's consciousness. But later on, when Macbeth's mind is already awake to the logical course and he only hesitates before taking the plunge into blood, she confuses, perhaps willfully, his latest words about the "enterprise" (in the interview which passes between scenes 5 and 7) and his early breaking to her of the ambitious project. She puts more into Macbeth's early schemes than had been suggested to him at the time, and she does so purposely in order to nerve him on to the deed. This interpretation may be forced, but I think that, as a whole, it is more coherent than any other theory that has been propounded to explain a number of scattered hints, which, on any supposition, are hardly consistent with themselves.

R. W. BOODLE.

MONTRÉAL.

A RECENT SHAKESPEARE EXAMINATION.

Editor SHAKESPEARIANA.

The elective seniors and the Wharton School and the Towne Scientific School Juniors of the University of Pennsylvania read from September 15th to January 16th the whole of the *Comedy of Errors* and *As You Like It*, with perhaps one-half of *King Lear*. They have recently been examined on the two whole plays read; and the paper proposed is given below. The results of the examination, as well as the examination paper, may be interesting to some of your readers.

The method pursued with the class was as follows: Stopford Brooke's *English Literature Primer*, Dowden's *Shakspeare Primer*, and J. R. Green's *History of the English People* were assigned for private study; and Rolfe's editions of the two plays were put into the students' hands for careful preparation of the reading held at each hour. The professor in commenting on the text, assumed that everything in Rolfe had been carefully read by each man in the class. He therefore confined his commentary to things not touched on by Rolfe, to further illustration, or to the more complete discussion of important questions. There were sixty men in the class, and yet not one failed to pass the examination with credit. A very large number wrote from seven to ten pages of foolscap paper apiece; and, in some of these papers the answers to the first two questions were in fact brief essays, well conceived and in excellent form. Remembering that this examination represented, in by far its greatest part, the private study of the individual students, we cannot but be the more impressed by it, as well as convinced that the "society" plan will work well even with a college class, if only the men will take an interest and work. Absolutely nothing was left to be desired so far as the diligence and application of nearly the whole class were concerned.

EXAMINATION PAPER.

1. Give a brief account of Shakespeare's times and literary contemporaries.
2. Of his life and works.
3. State the grounds on which Mr. Dowden rests his chronology of Shakespeare's plays.
4. The history and the sources of the plot of the *Comedy of Errors*.

5. The same of *As You Like It*.
 6. Make brief notes on the following phrases, words, or passages :

Comedy of Errors :

I, i, 4. *Partial to infringe*.

9. *Bloods*.

11. *Intestine*.

12. *Sedition*.

62-64.

75-95.

7. *Comedy of Errors* :

II, i, 14. *There's*.

48-49.

ii, 1-6.

101. *Stale*.

77. *Excrement*.

III, ii, 120-123.

144. *Curtal dog turn i' the wheel*.

8. *As You Like It* :

II, i or iii.

II, v, 56. *Greek*.

III, ii, 137. *Atalanta's better part*.

9. *As You Like It*, V, iv.

J. G. R. McELROY.

PHILADELPHIA.

DOCTOR OR NO DOCTOR.

In a previous line I noted opposite occasions in the play where the hand respectively of a learned lawyer and of one utterly ignorant of legal first principles were traceable. It seems the same situation exists as to medical lore. Not to multiply instances, take the passages wherein is enunciated more succinctly and quite as positively the blood circulation theory which, long years after Shakespeare died, made Harvey immortal, and confront them with the passage in *Hamlet* wherein the old King is described as having been poisoned by means of a deadly juice dropped in his ear. An impossibility, we are told, and a conception "which finds no excuse in physiological science."

As to Dr. Rush's little pamphlet, I think the Doctor will find occasion to revise his proposition that the play "treated physicians with contempt." On the contrary, it is the quackery which overruled England in Elizabeth's day which is satirized. Think of times when people were advised, as they were by Dr. Andrew Roorde, to wash their faces only once a week and to wipe them only with scarlet cloths! when pills made from the ground up skull of a man that had been hanged, a draught of spring water that had stood in the skull of a murdered man, the powder of a mummy, the blood of "dragons," the entrails of wild animals, were prescribed for special distempers! when tumors were to be reduced only by stroking them with the hand of a dead man; when, to cure a child of the rickets, it was passed head downward between the sections of a young tree split open for the purpose and then tied together again (the child's recovery to be parallel with the knitting together and healing of the tree); when love philters were for sale by every apothecary and administered by the enamored to a subject found unresponsive, and when the King "touched" for scrofula!

And yet it was in these days, and such as these, that the plays were composed. That somebody engaged in their composition proposed ridiculing the charlatans and quacks surrounding him is evident, I think, from the fact that every passage in the plays evincing deep and profound learning as to medicine or surgery is put into

the mouths of laymen, never into the mouths of professionals. There is only—so far as I remember—one thoughtful and honest physician in all the plays, the "Doctor" in *Macbeth*. In an age when every charlatan in the land had his bagful of charms and potions and philters for "a mind diseased," this earnest and conscientious man declines to prescribe for mental malady. "Therein the patient must minister to himself," says this good doctor. "More needs she the divine than the physician. Good God forgive us all!"

So far from "treating physicians with contempt," as Dr. Rush imagines, the contrast between Macbeth's medical attendant and the apothecaries, mountebanks, jugglers, and "water doctors" is a very strong showing, it seems to me, for the theory that this contempt and satire aimed at quackery and humbuggery, rather than for the learned practitioners of Tudor days.

APPLETON MORGAN.

21 PARK ROW, NEW YORK, March 18th, 1884.

EXAMINATION IN SHAKESPEARE.

(Dowden's *Shakspeare Primer* and *The Merchant of Venice*.)

1. State very briefly the main facts of Shakespeare's life.

2. What is the chief *external* evidence as to the chronology of Shakespeare's writings?

3. Give illustrations of "metrical tests."

4. Give an outline of the "periods of Shakespeare's career as a writer," according to Dowden. [What inference may we draw from the works of the *fourth* period as to Shakespeare's domestic life at the time?]

5. Give some account of the stage appointments of that day.

6. When was the *Merchant* first printed? What earlier references to the play? When was it probably written?

7. What can you say of the source of the plot? [Why have some critics supposed that Shakespeare may have visited Italy?]

8. What two things does the first line of the play ("In sooth I know not why I am so sad") illustrate?

9. What light does the second scene (Portia and Nerissa) throw upon Portia's character? Where else in the play is this illustrated? [What have you to say of Hazlitt's estimate of Portia?]

10. Comment briefly on some of the less obvious points in the poet's delineation of Shylock.

11. Compare the Prince of Arragon and the Prince of Morocco. [What is true in general of Shakespeare's subordinate characters?]

12. How do the poet's women often compare with the men to whom he gives them? Is it so with Portia and Bassanio?

13. Give your impressions of Antonio.

14. Explain the metrical peculiarities of the following lines:

(a) Your mind is tossing on the ocean.

(b) And other of such vinegar aspect.

(c) Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behavior.

(d) Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.

(e) His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate.

15. Explain the italicized words in the following:

(a) thou *naughty* gaoler!

(b) The *continent* and summary of my fortune.

(c) His *mere* enemy.

(d) A livery More *guarded* than his fellows.

(e) *Uncapable* of pity.
 (f) *But two years moe.*
 (g) *on the Rialto.*
 (h) *I am informed throughly of the cause.*
 (i) *And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,*
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs.
 (k) *I am prest unto it.*
 (l) *So be gone; you are sped.*
 (m) *There are some shread contents in your same paper.*
 (n) *patines of bright gold.*
 (o) *Forgive a moiety of the principal.*
 (p) *From whom he bringeth sensible regreets.*
 16. Explain the grammatical peculiarities of the following:
 (a) *I had rather to be married to a death's-head.*
 (b) *A lady richly left.*
 (c) *I hate him for he is a Christian.*
 (d) *I am glad on't.*
 (e) *The first, of gold, who this inscription bears.*
 (f) *A wife Which is as dear to me as life itself.*
 (g) *For who love I so much?*
 (h) *a gift * * * of all he dies possessed.*
 (i) *The best condition'd and unweared spirit.*
 (k) *Some men there are love not a gaping pig.*
 17. Comment on the following:
 (a) *The beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty.*
 (b) *Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
 'Tween man and man; but thou, thou meagre
 lead,*
 * * * * *
 Thy *plainness* moves me more than eloquence.
 [Why change the "palenesse" of the early editions?]
 (c) *but the full sum of me
 Is sum of *nothing*; which, to term in gross,
 Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd.
 [Why to be preferred to the quarto reading, "sum
 of something" ?]*
 18. What does the following illustrate?
 For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
 I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
 19. What is to be said of the "law" in the following?
 This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
 The words expressly are a pound of flesh.
 * * * * *
 Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more
 But just a pound of flesh, etc.
 [What is true in general of Shakespeare's legal
 knowledge?]
 20. What do we learn of Shakespeare *the man* from
 this play?

NOTE.—The above questions were given, last Saturday, to a class of twenty-four girls in Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass., after eighteen lessons of about an hour each, three of which were devoted to the first sixty pages of Dowden's *Primer* (in familiar talks about the subject-matter) and the rest to reading and discussing the *Merchant*. Three hours and a half were allowed for writing the paper, but only two of the girls took over three hours. The examination was merely an experiment, but the results were, on the whole, better than I had expected.

April 21st, 1884.

W. J. ROLFE.

A SPARKLE OVER CUPS.

[AT the principal banquet in the Shakespeare "Jubilee," which was held September, 1769, at Stratford-on-Avon, the following spirited song, reproduced from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the year named, was duly rendered and gratefully received all round the board. It can claim for author the renowned David Garrick, the prime mover and director of that "Jubilee," and, in his times, the best histrionic interpreter of Shakespeare. In simple diction, unstrained tenor, and swaying measure—especially in the refrain—it rings out with all the clink of a postprandial lyric. However we may regard the *Venison Legend*, the last strophe of the Song takes a decidedly felicitous turn, suggested by the alleged case of larceny!—E. I. F.]

WARWICKSHIRE: A SONG.

BY MR. G—.

Ye Warwickshire lads and ye lasses,
 See what at our Jubilee passes;
 Come! revel away; rejoice and be glad,
 For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire Lad.
 Warwickshire Lad.
 All be glad!

For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad.

Be proud of the charms of your county,
 Where Nature has lavished her bounty,
 Where much she has given, and some to be spared;
 For the bard of all bards was a Warwickshire Bard,
 Warwickshire Bard,
 Never paired,
 For the bard of all bards was a Warwickshire Bard.

Each shire has its different pleasures,
 Each shire has its different treasures;
 But to rare Warwickshire all must submit,
 For the wit of all wits was a Warwickshire Wit,
 Warwickshire Wit.
 How he writ!
 For the wit of all wits was a Warwickshire Wit.

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,
 And half a score more we take pride in,—
 Of famous Will Congreve, we boast, too, the skill;
 But the Will of all Wills was Warwickshire Will,
 Warwickshire Will,
 Matchless still,
 For the Will of all Wills was Warwickshire Will.

Our Shakespeare compared is to no man,
 Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman;
 Their swans are all geese to the Avon's Sweet Swan,
 And the man of all men was a Warwickshire Man,
 Warwickshire Man,
 Avon's Swan!
 And the man of all men was a Warwickshire Man.

As Ven'son is very inviting,
 To steal it our Bard took delight in;
 To make his friends merry he never was lag,
 And the wag of all wags was a Warwickshire Wag,
 Warwickshire Wag,
 Ever brag!
 For the wag of all wags was a Warwickshire Wag.

There never was seen such a creature—
 Of all she was worth he robbed Nature;
 He took all her smiles, and he took all her grief,
 And the thief of all thieves was a Warwickshire Thief,
 Warwickshire Thief,
 He's the Chief!
 For the thief of all thieves was a Warwickshire Thief.

STRAY NOTES ON A PASSAGE IN HAMLET.

(36.) *Hamlet*, Act V, Scene i, lines 14, 15, 16, Furness' Variorum Edition, 1877:

"Here lies the water; good; here stands the man; good; if the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he nill he, he goes; mark you that;"

"Will he nill he," by this phrase I suppose the gravedigger wishes his partner to understand that the man goes to the water at his own free will, or at his discretion.

I find neither note nor comment on this peculiar expression in the editions of Furness, Hudson, and White.

In the *Taming of the Shrew*, Act II, Scene i, Petruchio says to Katharina:

"Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And will you, nill you, I will marry you."

Here Petruchio determines to marry Katharina whether she consents or refuses his addresses.

Under the word *will* in Richardson's *Dictionary of the English Language* will be found the following quotation from Udal:^{*}

"I speake not of this worlde, whiche God made, wherein we live, *wil we*—*nill we*."

In a quaint old book treating on natural philosophy of the generation of things, etc., by Daniel Sennertus,† Rector of the University of Wittenberge, "and the first,

that brought the Practice of Chymistry into it," we find *nill* used as a verb:

"The Actions of the Faculty are to *will* or desire, and to *nill* or refuse."

Argal.—If the man goes to the water he may either desire or refuse to drown himself. He may be willing or not willing.

In Spenser's *Fairie Queene*‡ we have the following lines:

"Yet nothing could my fixed mind remove,
But whether *will*'d or *nill*'d, friend or foe,
I am resolv'd the utmost end to prove."

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Maid of the Mill*‡ the following occurs:

"With my Soveraigne's leave,
I'll wed thee to this man, *will he, nill he,*"

Again in their *Love's Cure, or the Martial Maid*, Villi says:

"To further which, your friendship,
And oaths will your assistance: let your deeds
Make answer to me,"

and the word *will* is used in a similar sense in the very next page, where Eugenia says:

"Send for musick,
And *will* the cooks to use their best of cunning."

THOMAS D. KING.

MONTRÉAL.

The Drama.

MADAME MODJESKA AS IMOGEN.

THE play of *Cymbeline* is full of incongruity as amazing, if not as palpable, as that which lies in bestowing a charter on Venice or a sea-coast upon Bohemia. It is not the incongruity of the play, however, but, I fancy, the difficulty of the chief part in it which makes the presentations of it so few and far between. The part of Imogen is indeed as difficult as it is beautiful. This difficulty is in its symmetry. Imogen has not the intellect of Portia, the wit of Beatrice, or Rosalind's bright fancy and pervading sense of humor. She would have been outshone in talk by Beatrice, as Hero was; she would have looked upon Portia with that mixture of feeling with which most women regard one of their sex who is strong-minded or a blue-stocking. And even if she had had the power to assail her lover with Rosalind's mocking humor it would have broken her heart to do it. Yet she did not lack either intellect or talent, on the contrary, fine qualities were in her so truly blend that she is Shakespeare's most perfect woman. As Antony said of Cesar, she is "royal and loving;" as Hotspur of his wife, "but yet a woman." Apart from this, she seems to have a more practical sense than any woman in Shakespeare except Katharine of Arragon, in whom, as Mrs. Jameson tells us, that quality is very apparent. On this account, perhaps, one never thinks of her as particularly endowed with imagination. The outward incidents of her journey to

Milford Haven, and Rosalind's to the forest, were not without resemblance, but life in Belarius' cave was humdrum enough. The boys went out to hunt, Imogen cooked for them against their return, and was no doubt a very notable housewife indeed. There were realities in the forest of Arden also; the great trees cast their shadows on real people; but the light was

"The light that never was on sea or land," and with it that dim forest will be always bright.

To this character, so full of difficulty, what equipment does Madame Modjeska bring? A somewhat slender one. Her delicate beauty, her personal charm, her trained skill and quick perceptions, do much, but they produce only an unsatisfactory result in the absence of any broad or true conception of the part. Imogen's constancy, perhaps her most obvious attribute, is beautifully shown. But it is made too pitiful, at times almost lachrymose. Of her innate royalty and her royalty of station, there is nothing to be seen. At moments, indeed, the general level was raised, and the whole of the short fifth act was almost admirable. In the flashing out of wrath against Iachimo; in the horror and grief at seeing what she supposes to be the headless body of Posthumus; in the loving tenderness of look and word when she cries at the end,

"Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?" and throws herself into her husband's arms—at these

*A writer in the Reign of Edward VI.

† Born 1572 died 1637.

‡ Book IV, chapter vii.

§ Act V, scene i.

and other points Madame Modjeska *personates*, she is for the moment the character she would seem. But the general effect is spiritless. When, for instance, Imogen and Pisanio approach Milford, she promises to show a "prince's courage," but we can put no faith in such a pledge from Madame Modjeska's Imogen, after so many sighs and moans and tears. Her temperament and resolution seem as applicable to the difficulties before her "as a pair of tweezers to the clearing of a forest." She is a delicate modern wandering in those Welsh solitudes, and it would really cause little surprise and much relief if trusty Pisanio should produce a bottle of smelling-salts or even go off somewhere (why should not a table be spread there as well as in Arden?) and come back with a cup of tea. This Imogen is indeed suited only to "teacup times." And surely she could never cook. Her unknown brothers

would never look to her as they looked to the real Imogen, to "sauce a broth" for them; the sum of culinary skill which they could expect would be some light confection or the finishing touches to a salad.

In general, it must be said of Madame Modjeska's acting of Shakespeare that it is as if one were asked to play a certain composition but gave, instead, a variation of it. It is so of her Rosalind. That, however, is a brilliant, though somewhat tinkling, variation. Her Imogen is nothing but a sweet, faint, partial echo of the beautiful, fine original which Shakespeare wrote and gave that beautiful name.

(One who saw Madame Modjeska several years ago in *Romeo and Juliet*, said that she acted with so much delicate and airy grace that it seemed at times as if Miranda were playing Juliet.)

CHARLES TOWNSEND COPELAND.

Shakespearian Societies.

[The Secretaries of Shakespearian Societies are invited to furnish the minutes of their meetings and whatever is of value and interest in their essays and discussions for publication in this department.]

PHILADELPHIA SHAKSPERE SOCIETY. The following is the *menu* of the thirty-second annual dinner of the Shakspere Society of Philadelphia, the oldest existing organization of its kind in the world:

MDCCLXXXIV.

1564 April 26 Gulielmus Filius Johannes Shakspere
1616 April 25 Will Shakspere Gent.

Duke. * First in question, I, i, 48.
Duke. * * * * * consecrated Fount IV, iii, 102.
Ang. * so noble, and so great a figure I, i, 52.
Pro. * * * made immortal. IV, ii, 68.
Ang. Why doe you put these sayings vpon me? II, ii, 133.
Mar. * * a man of comfort whos aduice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent. IV, i, 8.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1884.

s Gent. * * * agreeing with the proclamatio. I, ii, 80.
Jfa. This night's the time III, i 101.
Efc. In very good time: V, i, 286.
Duk. * much vpon this time haue I promis'd here
to mee. IV, i, 17.
Ang. The heauens giue safety to your purpos. I, i, 74.
Duk. To th' hopefull execution doe I leaue you, I, i, 60.
Ang. Fit * * to my fsharp appetite, II, iv, 161.
Jfa. Hooking * * * to th' appetite, II, iv, 176.

AT THE UNIVERSITY CLUB.

Duk. Where youth, and cost, witleſſe brauery
keepes. I, iv, 10.
Peter. Come I haue found you out, a stand most fit,
IV, vi, 10.
Fro. * * * it an open roome, and good for
winter. II, i, 135.
Elb. * * * * the houſe is a reſpected houſe;
II, i, 168.

DINNER AT 7 P. M.

Luc. I am faine to dine * * * IV, iii, 161.
Efc. I pray you home to dinner with me. II, i, 282.
Pro. I haue prouided for you, * * * II, iii, 18.
Ang. This will laſt out a night in *Rufſia*
When nights are longeft there; * * * II,
i, 139.

MEMBERS PRESENT.

Richard L. Ashhurst	Edward Biddle
Thomas De Witt Cuyler	J. M. Da Costa
Samuel Dickson	Persifor Frazer
Horace Howard Furness	Victor Guillou
John Henry Livingston	C. Stuart Patterson
Henry Reed	Henry Galbraith Ward
	Wm. Herbert Washington.

Duke. * * * who call'd heere of late? IV, ii, 75.
Pro. None fince the Curphew rung. IV, ii, 76.
Duke. They will then er't be long. IV, ii, 79.
Efc. * * bring mee in the names of ſome fix or
ſeuſen * * * II, i, 277.
Peter. The generous and grauest Citizens IV, vi, 13.
Elb. * precise villaines they are, that I am fure of
* * * II, i, 54.
Ang. Stand more for number than for accomp II,
iv, 58.
Ang. * * the fworne-twelve * * * * II, i,
20.
Duk. Very well met, and well come: IV, i, 26.
Duk. Giue vs ſome ſeates, * * * V, i, 165.

THE DEAN IN THE CHAIR.

Pro. Heere is the head, * * IV, iii, 106.
Duk. * * therefore take your honors; I, i, 53.
Elb. * * * thou honorable man, * * II, i, 89.
Duk. * * * we haue with ſpeciall foule Elected
him * * I, i, 18.

Elb. * * * they are glad to choose me * * * II, i, 274.

Duk. * * * I am still

Acturned at your seruice. V, i, 389.

Duk. But doe not like to stage me to their eyes; I, i, 69.

THE VICE-DEAN OUT OF THE CHAIR.

Duk. * * * There is our commision,
From which, we would not haue you warpe; * * I, i, 14.

Duk. * * * your scope is as mine owne. I, i, 65.

Efc. * * * here's a wife Officer. II, i, 58.

Ifab. Dreft in a little briefe authoritie II, ii, 118.

Duke. * * * thy seconday. I, i, 47.

BENEDICITE.

1. *Gent.* Heauen grant vs its peace I, ii, 4.

1. *Gent.* * * * in the thanksgiving before meate, I, ii, 15.

Luc. * I thinke thou never wast

Where Grace was faid. I, ii, 20.

Duke. * * * * Benedicite. II, iii, 39.

Luc. Thou conclud'ft like the Sanctimonious Pirat, I, ii, 7.

2. *Gent.* Amen. I, ii, 6.

BILL OF FARE.

Luc. Thou art the Lift. I, ii, 31.

Pro. What say you to this * IV, ii, 131.

Ifab. The image of it giues me content III, i, 271.

Clo. * * * very good diet, as I told you II, i, 116.

Ang. * * needfull, but not laufi'h * II, ii, 24.

Clo. I hope here be truthes; II, i, 136.

Luc. * * fewnes, and truthe; I, v, 39.

Luc. One fruitful Meale * * * IV, iii, 164.

Clo. * * surfeit is the father of much faft. I, ii, 130.

Pro. I would do more than that, if more were needfull II, iii, 9.

Latour Blanche.

Ifab. * from the Vineyard * * * IV, i, 33.

Duk. What thinke you of it? III, i, 270.

Ifab. * * * Oh, it is excellent II, ii, 107.

Duk. The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good: III, i, 186.

LITTLE-NECK CLAMS.

Duk. A forted residence 'gainst the tooth * * V, i, 12.

Duk. Fauours that keepe within: V, i, 16.

Mar. Was faft belockt * * V, i, 210.

Duk. * * * * fcarce confesses

That his blood flowes: I, iv, 51.

Luc. * * begot betweene two Stock fishes. III, i, 396.

Duke. * * * * what's yet in this

That beares the name of life? III, i, 38.

Duke. For thou doft feare the foft and tender forke

III, i, 16.

Pro. * * * * * fhall redeeme you from your

Gyues: IV, ii, 11.

Duke. * * fwallowed * * whole, * * III, i, 234.

Amontillado Sherry.

Elb. * * * all the world drinke browne III, i, 284.

Duke. Not of this Countrie, though my chance is now to vfe it for my time: III, i, 511.

Old Milk Punch.

Ifa. You doe blasphem the good, in mocking me. I, v, 38.

Steinberger Cabinet.

Duke. * * heere is the hand and Seal of the Duke: IV, ii, 207.

Duke. * * the Signite is not strange to you? IV, ii, 209.

CLEAR TERRAPIN SOUP.

Duk. Be not fo hot: V, i, 315.

Duke. Thou bearf thy heauie riches but a journie, And death vnloads thee; III, i, 27.

Duk. * * * boyld and bubble
Till it ore-run the Stew: V, i, 320.

HORS D'OEUVRES.

Duk. * * * * most biting * * I, iv, 19.

Duke. If I do loose thee, I do loose a thing
That none but fooles would keepe: III, i, 7.

Cla. A thrify euill, * * * I, iii, 15.

Ang. We are all fraile. II, iv, 121.

Luc. * * * * bloffoming Time I, iv, 41.

FISH.

Filet de Sole.

Ang. * * * bait thy hooke: II, ii, 181.

Duke. Euen with the stroke and line * * * IV, ii, 84.

Luc. * * a Sea-maid spawn'd him. III, i, 394.

Duk. * * * * * fcaled. III, i, 266.

CUCUMBERS.

Efc. * * * the nurfe of fecond woe; II, i, 288.

Ifab. * the vn-wedgable * * *

Ifab. At warre, twixt will, and will not. II, ii, 32.

Jul. * * * as it is an euill, II, iii, 35.

Clo. * * * * you need not to feare * * II, i, 248.

Ifab. Ile take it as a perill * * II, iv, 66.

Ifab. Who is it that has di'd for this offence

There's many haue committed it. II, ii, 88.

VOL AU VENT À LA FINANCIÈRE.

Ang. What quality are they of? II, i, 58.

Efc. * * * thou knowſt what they are II, i, 195.

Duke. Put them in secret holds, IV, iii, 91.

Luc. How doth my deere Morfell, * * III, i, 336.

Cordon Rouge Pommery Sec.

Ifa. Are of two houfes: II, iv, 112.

Ang. * equal poize * * * II, iv, 71.

Pro. Goe too Sir, you waigh equaltie: a feather will

turne the Scale. IV, ii, 31.

Duk. * * wiegh'd thy brother by himselfe, V, i, 111.

Luc. Mum. V, i, 288.

Duke. * * That spirit's poſſeft with haſt, IV, ii, 91.

Clo. * * Maſter Froth here * * II, i, 104.

Efc. * * they will draw you Maſter Froth * * II, ii, 215.

Duk. * thefe fretting waters * * IV, iii, 153.
Bawd. * * * his head to be chop'd off. I, ii, 69.

SPRING LAMB WITH MINT SAUCE.

Duke. * * * subftantiall things? III, i, 571.
Duk. Come you to feek the Lamb here * * V, i, 300.
Clo. Troth fir, fhee hath eaten vp all her beefe, III, i, 337.
Luc. fhow your fheepe-biting face, V, i, 359.
Efc. * * * cut a little II, i, 6.

NEW BERMUDA POTATOES.

Ifa. * we are soft as our complexions are, II, iv, 128.
Ifa. Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eies. IV, iii, 124.

ASPERGES EN BRANCHES.

1. Gent. there went but a paire of fheeres between vs. I, ii, 29.
Ang. * * * deepe sticks * * * V, i, 480.
Clow. They fhall stand for feed: I, ii, 102.

SUPREME DE POULET AUX TRUFFES.

Ang. And fo in progresse to be hatt'hd, and borne, II, iii, 97.
Efc. * * * * * we'll towze you Ioynt by ioynt, * * * V, i, 313.

LE COUP DU MILIEU.

Duke. There's more behinde that is more grataule. V, i, 535.

SORBET AU KIRSCH.

Duk. * needfull bits and curbes * * * I, iv, 20.
Duke. By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme, We shal proceed * * IV, iii, 104.

Absinthe.

Cla. * * and when we drinke, we die. I, iii, 15.
An. * * strong and fwelling euill II, iv, 6.

Chambertin.

An. * * Blood, thou art blood, II, iv, 15.
Ifab. I would to heauen I had your potencie, II, ii, 66.
Ang. * * * moft dangerous, Is that temptation, II, ii, 181.
Ang. Subdues me quite: II, ii, 186.
Ang. Oh cunning enemy, * * II, ii, 180.

CIGARETTES.

Ang. This is strange abufe: V, i, 205.
Duke. * fuch a filthy vice: III, i, 304.

ROAST SNIPE.

Ifab. * * the fowle of season; II, ii, 85.
An. * * * pray heauen his wifdome bee not tainted: IV, iv, 3.
Ifa. * * * twentie heads to tender downe II, iv, 180.

LETTUCE WITH FRENCH DRESSING.

Duke. * * * nor prophet you a iot, Forbearre it therefore, IV, iii, 128.
Ifa. In all his dressings, * * * V, i, 56.

Old Port.

Ang. I do arrest your words. II, iv, 136.
Luc. * * * and of antiquity too: III, i, 382.
Duke. * curse the Gowt * * III, i, 31.

Madeira.

Duke. * * * thou art old and rich, III, i, 36.
Cla. * she will play with reafon and difcourfe, And well fhe can perfwade. I, iii, 72.
Duke. The best, and wholofomt spirits of the night, IV, ii, 75.

ROQUEFORT, DE BRIE.

Ifa. * fuch abhord pollution. II, iv, 183.
Ifab. what corruption in this * III, i, 239.
Ang. Corrupt with vertuous feafon: II, ii, 168.
Clo. Indeed, it do's stinke in fome fort * III, i, 310.
Mar. * * * * the better For being a little bad, V, i, 445.

OMELETTE SOUFFLÉE.

Duke. a breath thou art, III, i, 7.
Du. * hollowly put on. II, iii, 23.
Duk. * flourifh the deceit. IV, i, 75.
An. Which the ayre beats for vaine: II, iv, 12.
Ang. * thing to fall: II, i, 18.

ICES.

Cla. In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed ice, III, i, 123.
Cla. * * * cold obftruction, * * * III, i, 119.
Luc. * * * congeal'd ice, * * III, i, 396.
Luc. You are too cold. II, ii, 46.

FRUITS.

Luc. * teeming foysfon I, v, 43.
Clo. * * * in a fruit difh * * II, i, 95.

COFFEE.

Duke. * * it is much darkned * * III, i, 439.
Ang. * * * moft bitterly, * * V, i, 36.
Cla. I will encounter darknesse * * III, i, 84.

LIQUEURS—Cognac.

Cla. The miserable haue no other medicine III, i, 2.
Ifab. Hath yet a kinde of medicine in it felfe II, ii, 135.
An. * * * the Deuills Crest: II, iv, 17.

Benedictine.

Ifa. * * This outward fainted Deputie, III, i, 89.
Luc. * * * an imortall spirit I, v, 35.

CIGARS.

Duk. * * * headstrong weedes. I, iii, 20.
Mar. * there comes light * * * V, i, 225.
Ifa. There is another comfort V, i, 49.
Pro. * * all Ages fmack of this vice * * II, ii, 5.

CLIFTON SHAKSPERE SOCIETY, BRISTOL, ENGLAND, March 22d, 1884.—A note on "The Botany of *The Winter's Tale*," by Mr. Leo H. Grindon, was read. Miss Constance O'Brien and Dr. Arthur B. Prowse each read "A Comparison of *The Winter's Tale* with *Pandosto*."

L. M. GRIFFITHS.

THE COOPERSTOWN SHAKSPEARE CLUB, organized in 1876, is composed of six ladies and eight gentle-

men. The meetings are held on Monday evenings, from half-past seven to half-past nine, during December, January, February, and March. *Hamlet* is at present the subject of study. SHAKESPEARIANA is thoroughly enjoyed.

A MEMBER.

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y., March 8th, 1884.

Miscellany.

Mr. Brandran has been giving some very powerful readings of Shakespeare in London.

The *National Review* contains an article on *Mr. Irving and Diderot's Paradox* by J. Ramsay.

Hon. A. S. G. Canning has recently published, through W. H. Allen & Co., of London, *Thoughts on Shakespeare's Historical Plays*.

The merits and demerits of Signor Salvini as an interpreter of Shakespeare are discussed in the *Saturday Review* of March 8th and 15th, in the *Athenaeum* of March 15th, and the *Academy* of March 8th.

Mr. Wilson Barrett is about to commence at the Princess Theatre a series of Shakespearian revivals. *Hamlet* will be the first, and this will be followed by *King John*, and others of the historical plays.

Mr. Abbey will superintend the revival of *Romeo and Juliet* for Miss Anderson's return to the Lyceum. The scenery will be treated from a purely Italian point of view, the pictures of Carpaccio furnishing the basis.

Sadlers Wells Theatre opens at Easter, with the appearance of an American lady named Madame Rose. She will play *Twelfth Night*, *Merchant of Venice*, and *As You Like It*. She has very good company, but her success is deemed improbable.

The representations of plays of Shakespeare at the Theatre Royal, Berlin, during the past year exactly equal the combined number of representations of the plays of Schiller and Goethe. The sum total in the case of Shakespeare is seven plays and twenty-seven representations, against seven plays of Schiller played eighteen times and five plays of Goethe played nine times.

Piamonti is playing with Salvini in London. When she was here with him on his first visit she was an admirable actress, but does not appear to have made any impression in London. Her Lady Macbeth, however,

is rather better spoken of, on the whole, than Salvini's Macbeth, of which the *Athenaeum* sums up the general opinion in saying that "the conception of the character is not grasped and the art deals only with details."

Boucicault, in a recent speech, said that he had seen all the great Shakespearian revivals in England in the past twenty-five years. Those of Kean and Macready were especially fine, but he had once said to Kean: "This is laying out Shakespeare—not 'reviving' him. You simply surround his corpse with funeral pomp and ceremony." "Irving," said Mr. Boucicault, "had done a greater and grander work. He had subordinated himself to Shakespeare and presented his masterpieces with a fidelity, honesty, and beauty never before attempted on the stage, and impossible in any other age than our own. He had abolished the pedestal on which great actors were accustomed to pose, and with it the pedestal actor." Mr. Boucicault owed him the greatest gratitude for having done more for Shakespeare than he had ever hoped to see accomplished during his generation. He was a benefactor to dramatic art.

Signor Tommaso Salvini gives his "Impressions of Shakespeare's *Lear*" in the February *Century*. He maintains that "*Lear* is a study of ingratitude. As *Hamlet* deals with the power of thought over action, *Othello* with that of malignity over a noble mind, *Macbeth* with the sins of boundless ambition, so the purpose of *Lear* is to show how far the force of human ingratitude may go." *Lear* is not insane, but his mind is "warped with a sense of ingratitude." Signor Salvini argues that "the audience should be made to understand, first, how *Lear*, even in his generosity, is always the royal autocrat, noble, august, irascible, and violent in the first act; in the second, how feeling bitterly the ingratitude that has doubled upon itself, he becomes more a father than a King; and finally, in the third act, how, worn with troubles of the body, he forgets for a season those of the mind, and, more than father, more than King, stands forth a man reacting upon rebellious nature." The final scene requires such powers of acting that the writer spent five years in perfecting himself in it.